

AS IF FINGERS AROUND HER NECK

she tells me
her new lover's only 24
& he's got a pot belly
too.

he lives in a garage
snorts his whole paycheck
is not very creative
not exactly my type
she says.

what is your type
i ask.

you are,
she replies.

i suppose that's why
she's moved in with him.

earlier she had told me
that she believed she lived
a charmed life & would live
forever unless someone
murdered her.

after she left
i got into my truck
& drove around the desert
wiping the wetness
from my eyes
ashamed at the sadness
of four years of love
gone why had my luck
seemed to stop so suddenly
my fingers tightened
on the steering wheel
as if around her neck

and i realized that she
just might be right.